

## AN ALPENA MIRACLE.

MRS. JAS. M. TODD OF LONG RAPIDS DISCARDS CRUTCHES.

In an Interview with a Reporter She Reviews Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

From Alpena, Michigan, Argus.  
We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd of Long Rapids, Alpena County, Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery, for the benefit of those who do not we publish it to-day.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time, her knee joints terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up to be dressed. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills, until now I begin to forget my crutches and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder."

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. If other like sufferers will try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of la grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good results."

Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor, helpless cripple back to do her own milking, churning, washing, sewing, knitting and in fact about all of her household duties.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

### A Narrow Escape.

"By the way some folk's talks," said Farmer Cornstossel, discontentedly, "ye'd think that the life of a farmer was nothin' but loafin'."

"It is certainly an independent existence."

"Yes; but it has its drawbacks. An' tain't ez free from excitement an' danger ez some folks say 'tis."

"Have you been having an adventure?"

"I hev thet same, an' a mighty clus shave it was."

"How did it happen?"

"I driv a load of hay under a trolley wire."

### The Modern Way.

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

### His Qualifications.

"What we want," said the proprietor of a restaurant, "is a man with lots of muscle. One who isn't afraid of trouble."

"That's me, cap," replied the applicant for work. "It's me, sure you're born."

"But you couldn't act as bouncer."

"What's the reason I couldn't?"

"Have you ever had any experience?"

"Experience! I sh'd say so. I used to be the inky-rubber man in a dime museum, I did."

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALICE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 94.

Kate Chase Sprague's decline within 30 years from affluence and the highest social position almost to actual want is the direst of misfortunes.

### The Object of Charity.

Tramp, piteously—Please help a poor cripple.

Kind Old Gentleman, handing him some money—Bless me; why, of course. How are you crippled my poor fellow?

Tramp, pocketing the money—Financially, sir.—Truth.

### One on Her.

Stout Wife—Did you read that awful story about the Verigoods? I wouldn't have believed anything of the kind possible in that family.

Thin Husband—I'm not surprised at all. You know there is a skeleton somewhere in every family.—Texas Sittings.

According to the income tax returns in Prussia for the year just closed, there are only two men in that country having an income exceeding \$1,000,000. One of these is Herr Krupp, and the other is Baron Rothschild, whose incomes are given at about \$2,000,000 each, and there are but 453 incomes above \$50,000 a year.

### Addresses Wanted.

You no doubt have several friends in other States who might be induced to come West if properly approached. There may be one or two dozen of them. Nothing better than nicely illustrated folders, with appropriate maps, and text prepared by somebody whose only interest in the matter is to tell the truth.

If you will send to Geo. T. Nichols, G. P. A. Santa Fe Route, Topeka, Kans., a list of persons who would be interested in literature regarding Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico or California, he will take pleasure in mailing to each one an assortment of folders, pamphlets, etc. They are free.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

## RONDO THE TRAMP.



in the quaint old town of Seebree, Ky., knows Rondo, and there is no exaggeration in saying that Rondo has a personal acquaintance with more people than the average politician.

The early part of Rondo's life is involved in some doubt and a great deal of obscurity. It is known, however, that he first saw the light of day in the manger of a livery stable in 1885, and as he sprang from Scotch-English ancestry everything in the shape of a rat he beheld from the very first with violent antipathy. He soon made himself a terror to the rodent family, and his accomplishments in this direction led an admiring Kentucky gentleman to adopt Rondo and take upon himself the supervision of his care and training, hoping that "age would perform the promises of youth." The two soon became conspicuous about town, and their attachment for each other sometimes caused the boys to sing "Comrades" as they passed along the street.

In a year or two Rondo succeeded in exterminating all the rats within his reach and then became a living example of the adage that "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." He began to form bad habits and became a frequent visitor of saloons, gambling rooms and other such places, setting such a pace that his admiring benefactor did not care to follow, and the two began drifting apart.

About this time a young pension agent located in the town of Rondo's birth, and a case of mutual love at first sight sprang up between them.

In a little while the pension agent entirely supplanted the Kentucky gentleman in Rondo's affection, whereupon the latter promptly disowned and cast him off. But this did not affect Rondo to any extent. His new master furnished him with a night key and let him go where he pleased, and Rondo pleased to be a pretty high roller.

One morning in 1889, however, Rondo woke up and found that his friend had gone. He watched about the hotel for many days, smelling every newcomer after the fashion of his kind, but the days lengthened into months and he came not. Then Rondo had no one to pay his board bill at the hotel and he was forced to become a dead beat. To a dog of his hyphenated ancestry this was very distasteful, but he was friendless and alone and there was no other alternative. After figuring as a decayed vegetable for a year or two, he lost all self-respect and went to the dogs at a rapid rate. His associates were the worst in town and bad company eventually got him into trouble.

One night while engaged in an angry controversy with several other canines, the peace was fractured to such an extent that a blood-thirsty citizen discharged a fowling piece into the crowd. It was Rondo's misfortune to catch part of the load and one of his fore legs was broken. The



HIS ASSOCIATES WERE THE WORST.

next morning he was found on the street drawing the wages of sin. He had nowhere to go, and no friends to appeal to in his distress. An old colored woman found him and carried him to the home of Col. Charley Thompson, who took him in and proved to him a friend indeed. He put the broken leg in a sling and doctored it for weeks until Rondo was once more restored to health. Col. Thompson introduced him to his friends and Rondo once more found himself in good society.

Rondo accompanied his new master on several journeys and acquired a taste for travel that he has never been able to resist. He has been all over the state of Kentucky as well as having visited many of the largest cities in the country. On one of his earliest trips he was forced to leave the coach and travel in the baggage car. This was a great blow to his pride, and his experience taught him a lesson. He came to the conclusion that conductors were not his friends, and ever afterward he always took pains to conceal himself under the seat, but never under the seat occupied by his traveling companion. He was too considerate to give away his friends.

One of his trips was to Grayson Springs, Kentucky, with Company D, Kentucky state militia, and he became much infatuated with soldier life. At another time he started to Paducah with his

uniformed friends to spend the day. Down in Livingstone county the train stopped at a small station and Rondo got off. While engaged in a personal altercation with a country dog, the train pulled out and left him; but Rondo knew a thing or two. After he had finished whipping the dog who caused his trouble, he made himself at home with the natives.

When the train returned in the evening he was on the platform, and boarded it for home with a thorough knowledge of what he was doing.

Rondo fell in once with an acquaintance—a brakeman on the Louisville and Nashville railroad—and went with him to St. Louis. He was so well pleased with city life that he remained several days. When he was ready to return home he went to the Union depot and took the proper train.

On one of his railroad trips to Memphis he failed to change cars at Guthrie and wound up in Nashville. Several days later a young man from Seebree found him in a joint watching a game of craps with intense interest. While there a crap-shooter whose rabbit-foot had lost its charm rubbed it over Rondo's shaggy back, and returning to the game, broke the bank. All the gamblers in the room then whetted their grave-yard mascots on the dog's tawny back and took him out for a time.

For a week Rondo was feasted and entertained in grand style. But his conscience rebuked him at the neglect of his friends, and he boarded a train for home.

On a recent visit to Cincinnati with Colonel Thompson Rondo deserted to go out and have a time with the boys. A month later he picked up Mr. C. W. Morrison of Pembroke, Ky., as a good man to go home with, and he invited himself to honor Mr. Morrison with his company. Arriving at Pembroke he created some consternation in the family of his new friend by barking at the water cooler. He finally made his host understand that he was thirsty, and after he had been given water, he addressed similar remarks to a sideboard he found in another room. Rondo liked Mr. Morrison's style of living so well that he remained several days, finally returning home.

During the recent political unpleasantness in the Breckinridge district, Rondo heard Colonel Thompson discuss the question of visiting Lexington on the evening train. He took his usual siesta upstairs after dinner and when he awoke it lacked but a few minutes 'till train time. He came down the stairs at break-neck speed and ran at full tilt directly to the depot. At Lexington he deserted Colonel Thompson to enjoy himself among the sporting fraternity.

A month later a Hopkinsville, Ky., merchant was surprised on Wall street in New York city by a tawny colored dog jumping and frisking about him with every symptom of intense joy. It was Rondo. He had no doubt visited all the large places en route to New York, and it is presumed he had grown tired of metropolitan existence when his surprising aptness in smelling out Kentucky gentlemen played him in good part. Rondo stuck by his Blue Grass acquaintance until he arrived in Hopkinsville, when he continued on to Seebree alone.

Rondo still lives with Colonel Thompson. He is frequently absent on trips of which no one knows, but he stays at home sufficiently and is diligent enough while there to keep in subjection everything in the shape of a rat.

### THE FIRST STAGE COACH.

It Was an Expensive Luxury to Ride on It.

The first stage coach between the two capitals, London and Edinburgh, appears to have been started in 1658. It ran once a fortnight and the fare was 24. The time taken to the journey is not accurately known; but between York and London it was four days. This lavish system of communication was not, however, kept up, as, in 1762, the coach ran between London and Edinburgh once a month only, taking a fortnight, if the weather was favorable, to the journey.

In the days of stage coaches, says the Chamber's Journal, people sometimes clubbed together and hired a post chaise for their journey, as being quicker and less expensive, and Scottish newspapers occasionally contained advertisements to the effect that a person about to proceed to London would be glad to hear of a fellow "adventurer" or two bent on the same journey, to share the expense.

In 1745 a heroic effort was made to improve the London and Edinburgh coach. The Edinburgh "Courant" for that year contained the following advertisement: "The Edinburgh stage-coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered into a new genteel, two-end glass coach machine, being on steel springs, built exceedingly light, and easy to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter; to set out the first Tuesday in March, and continue it from Hoxea Eastgate's, the coach and horses, in Dean street, Soho, London, and from John Somerville's, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, &c. The passengers to pay as usual.—Performed if God permits, by your dutiful servant, Hosea Eastgate."

Skirmishing for the Truth.

"Now, judge," said the sworn colored witness, "I'm a-gwine to tell you de truth now!"

"And what have you been testifying to for the last hour and a half?" asked the judge.

"Oh, I des been talkin' up ter it. Hit takes you some time ter git ter de truth, judge. You has ter skirmish lots 'fore you ketch de rabbit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

It was recently discovered by the officials of an electric road in Bridgeport, Conn., that they had in their employ a half crazy motorman, who had the most dangerous route in the city.

Ex-Governor Russell is one of the busiest lawyers in Massachusetts. He figures very little in public dinners or gatherings of any sort nowadays, but devotes himself strictly to business.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WIGGOLD'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children's Teething.

Mrs. Russell Sage is the first woman to be elected a trustee of the Troy, N. Y. Female Seminary. This is in recognition of the magnificent gift of \$150,000 made by her husband for the erection of a new hall which will bear his name.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,  
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Mme. Marchesi, the famous vocal teacher, speaks seven languages with ease. She was a pupil of Garcia, who was the teacher of Milban and Jenny Lind. Melba, her favorite pupil, is, she thinks, decidedly the greatest singer in the world.

1,000 BUS POTATOES PER ACRE.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry.

Prince Bismarck has a curious superstition in connection with the number three. He has served three German Emperors, has fought in three wars, he has signed three treaties of peace, he has arranged the meeting of three Emperors and established the triple alliance.

Miss Wrede is Finland's prison angel. For the past twelve years she has visited every prison and every prisoner in Finland at least once a year, and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useful lives through her efforts. Her mission absorbs her entire time.

The woman movement is advancing with rapid strides in Germany.

Japanese officers are more like the French than the German type. Their discipline is kindly, and they live on familiar terms with their men.

The bust of Richard Malcomb Johnson, of Kentucky, at one time Vice President has been placed in the Senate chamber. It is the work of James Paxton Voorhees, son of Senator Voorhees of Indiana.

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, a bright young California woman about 20 years of age, is qualifying herself as a pilot for ocean vessels entering the harbor of San Diego. In eight months she expects to pass the required examination.

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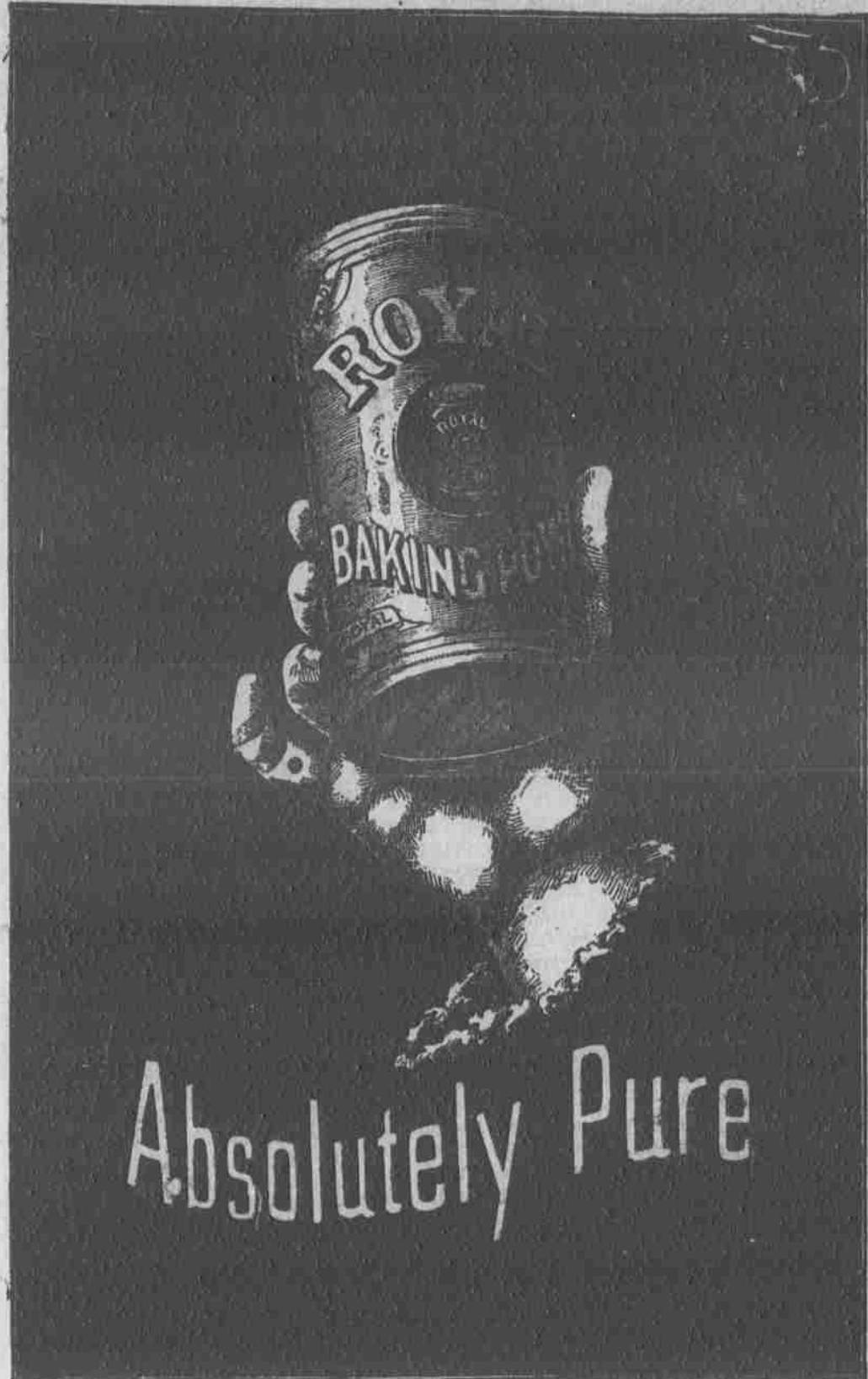
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## CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the ulcers, protects the Membrane from colds, restores the senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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